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LONGWOOD COLLEGE
Farmville, Virginia

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Be Silent

by ALYCE SOMERVILLE

Be silent, my heart, and listen to life.
She is singing today!
Say nothing,
For she is revealing herself to me.
Be still, and listen, my ears,
For the bird in the tree above me is singing of life.
Stay sealed, my mouth,
For when you speak
You feel not what you say
And say not what you feel.
Be still,
For in silence do others see my naked soul
And hear the rhythm of life
That beats within me.
Be silent and listen,
For life is singing to me,
And I do not want to miss a note.

Alyce Somerville

Revelation

The light of day begins to seek the night.
The sea's white lips now kiss her lonely shores.
The dying raven sings her song of plight.
Bright leaves of autumn drift through death's calm
doors.
The cloud's soft teardrops give refreshing shower
Upon the laughing creatures of the earth.
Behold the graceful form, the dying flower,
No longer is the victim of life's mirth.
I walk alone beneath the blackened sky,
The warmth of sunlight's rays I stronger feel.
The teardrops cannot find my burning eye.
The ecstasy of love death cannot steal.
This thought my lips shall speak with my last breath:
All things become more beautiful in death.

Alyce Somerville

Night Into Morning

by JUDY BILLET



THE river is moving in a long, dizzy progress under the falling of the cold listless rain. It moves in long, slow tablets, a dark strip of smooth water and then a light strip, and a dark again, while the motor boats rock out and back in a vain struggle against their anchors. Up in the right-hand corner of the sky a little bird sails around, looking for a place to land. On the other side of the narrow expanse of water, the lumber yard is silent. Only the tin buildings standing grey and silent under the rain and the white clouds of smoke swooshing carelessly off a roof and disappearing, and then again, and disappearing into the air. It rains on and on, carelessly. Under the archway of the traffic bridge the spouts of drainpipes pour an endless stream of watery refuse into the long gullies below. It is bitter cold. The raindrops set up ever-converging circles in the grimy black puddle under the foot of the bridge.

Suddenly a little negro boy with bookbags and muffler comes trotting along through the rain. He hops across the narrow part of the channel, climbs up the bank, and makes his way across the puddle and through the gullies under the bridge. And then two others emerge struggling along under a flimsy shivering parasol. They scamper across the

puddle and hobble through the gullies. One child almost slips, the other helps him, and they hurry on their way towards the little houses behind the lumber yard. A young negro boy strides along the same way, his hands in his pockets and his chest strong and proud. It rains on. Now the rain is coming down with more insistence. The circles in the puddle rise up faster, then disappear as the wind sets up ripples across the shallow rut of water. It is raining hard now as an older negro with lunch box, old felt hat, and threadbare denim worksuit trudges home from work. It is Harrison that is walking and thinking.

Harrison walks slowly through the shallow black puddle and crosses into the dark archway of the bridge. He follows the hard, grassless ruts to the other end, then emerges, drawing up a little, holding onto his hat. Then he walks down the streets of little brown houses until he reaches his own. The little house stands grey and weathered in the growing dark, and a quiet yellow light shines from the windows. The warped porch boards sink beneath his feet as he walks to the door.

"Daddy, Daddy!" the children shout as he opens the door. The baby grabs onto his leg and wails

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to be taken outside. Danny jumps up and down with glee.

"Get down, honey. That's nice."

"Danny, make that baby shut the door. Hebble, you knows you can't go out. It rainin' furious." Rosabel shouts from the ironing board.

"I can't budge him, Mama."

The baby wails and Harrison lifts him away.

"You been a good boy? Bet you been a bad boy. I bet you been a **bad** boy. Hush, honey." Harrison sits and holds Hebble on his knee, soothing him down.

"Gosh it's cold, Mama." Rosabel keeps on ironing. She has baskets from several families and has laid up stack after stack in the bed. Supper is sizzling on the burner. The two rooms are small but tidy. Cots, a table, chairs, and an iron Franklin stove take up most of the space. The peeling walls are black with coal dust. A picture of Jesus hangs on the wall beside the table. The family upstairs is walking around over the ceiling.

"Mama, I still cold. Mama, I terrible cold. Mama."

"Danny, go in and put my coat on Joey. Ah! Hebble, you put that cup down. It too fraggle. What I goin' to do with you? When you finished, Danny, you come and help me spread this table while I take up supper."

"I cold. It don't do no good." Joey has croup in the other room, and he is crying and wheezing hoarsely while Danny stumbles around trying to do something for him. Joey raises up a minute and looks around helplessly. Then he lies down again.

Rosabel is taking up supper and talking to Harrison while Danny and Hebble are raising a rumpus and getting in Rosabel's way. They are playing hide and seek. Now Danny is under the table, now he is behind the bed. Hebble shouts with excitement.

"Hebble, look here honey. Peep-oh! I see you. Ah! Look what you done now. Upset the coffee can."

They quiet down for a minute.

"What Daddy say, Mama?"

"Daddy say the foreman lay him off." There is a brief pause. Then Rosabel says, "That all right, honey. Don't you worry your head. We make out."

Rosabel finishes setting the food on the table and they sit down. There is not much hamburger, so she gives most of it to the children. Joey stays

in the other room. He doesn't want to eat. Harrison sips his coffee slowly. It feels good at first, hot as it slides down into his stomach and drives away the damp. Then it grows cold in his stomach and gives him a weak feeling inside like the beginning of a sneeze, so he knows he is going to have a cold.

They eat silently for awhile. Danny is the first to finish. He gets a pocket knife and begins to clean his fingernails. Hebble wants the knife. He grabs it quickly, and Danny tries to wrench it away from him.

"Hebble, what you wanta do, cut yourself? You too little to play with that knife. No. No, you can't have it. Go way now."

Hebble keeps bawling and trying to get the knife while Danny tries to make him let it go. Suddenly Hebble slips and, in a horrible glimpse of an instant, the knife gouges into his eye. The baby screams wildly, streaming blood. Danny wrings his hands and stands there dumb with horror. The others run crazy about the house. Rosabel bends over the baby and wails for a minute, then runs crying out into the night to get to a telephone. Soon the people upstairs and next door come running outside to see what has happened. It grows darker and darker as the cries increase.

II

All along the river the stumps of the burned-over forest rise out of the swamp like bony arms, white and jagged. The live trees higher up are mostly leafless, making black outlines against the darkening sky. Their indignant twisted limbs shrug tauntingly, sneeringly. The rain weeps on. As the river flows onward it gathers momentum and dashes over the rocks. Somewhere a train sets a long, hoarse call in the distance. Farther down, as the river approaches a city, red smoke from the steel mills blares up and dies down and then blares up again, lighting up the whole inside of the metallic, boxlike buildings.

The rain weeps on and on. There are some nights when the sky seems to exude sadness, when a veil over the atmosphere shuts off heaven. And this is such a night, a time of untold sorrow. With relentless pressure the prison of darkness is closing over the land. The rain weeps. In millions of windows listless tears of rain trickle down the panes now and then and sparkle from the light of the

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street lamps below. People stand by the windows and watch the droplets, alone.

Leah stands by a window in the white building of a thousand eyes. She waits and waits. She has just come in from her work. Just as she always has; just as she always will. She starts to raise the window, when suddenly she objects. Her whole spirit objects violently, and the horrible monotony of it all surges over her. She broods and paces restlessly.

I want out! I've got to get out! But I can't. Even if they would let me I couldn't because it's raining. If there was just some way to get out. I can't stand this waiting and waiting for nothing. Well anyway I finished with those beads. I thought I couldn't stand it another minute. They'll give us some more work tomorrow. They never give us a chance! I sweep and scrub. I make beads. I go out in the street once in awhile. I make beads. I come back to this room—this box. Every day! There's never a change. People walking by on the street. People walking by in the hall. If I scream they'll think I'm still crazy and that will be worse.

Now and then a listless tear of rain slides zigzag down the window. The faucet in the bathroom next door is leaking. Drop, drop, drop. Leah listens against her will and, try as she might, she cannot hear or think about anything except the sound. It begins to thud inside her head with resounding pain and clangor. Then, as nurses pass down the hall, the thudding sounds more like voices; and the dripping of the faucet, the people in the hall, and her mind's ringing are mixed together.

Are the nurses talking about her? Leah doesn't know, but she is terrified. It seems like it, and then again it doesn't. She waits, breathless. They pass away. And now it seems like yesterday, when all the voices seemed to be ringing over her head in the grocery store. She is trying so hard and everything is so clear when suddenly she hears her voice growing louder and louder as she tells the grocer the things she wants. The grocer looks a little puzzled, and the nurse stands beside her, shaking her head. The nurse's face grows nasty and horrible; her eyes turn swimming and strange. Leah is terrified. It didn't happen now. It happened yesterday. I tried so hard to prove I wasn't crazy, she thinks, but they didn't believe me, they didn't believe.

The nurse is in the room. Her eyes look horrible. "Anything I can do," she says.

"No, go away." If I scream she'll think I'm still crazy and that will be worse.

The nurse leaves. The water keeps on dripping. In a little while Nell will come in and say, "Need some help?" Nell is an ugly, skinny, silly girl. Then Leah will say, "No, you silly goose. I finished working two hours ago."

The water keeps on dripping. Gradually Leah realizes that there is something she was supposed to remember. Her head throbs with the frustrating effort of trying to call it back. She searches through reflection of diminishing memories, but like the reflections of two facing mirrors, the one thing she is seeking for in the center is not there.

Please turn to page 15



The Sea

O, I walked down by the lonely sea,
And, ah, the song that it sang to me:
The sweetest, saddest song e'er heard
The moanful chanting of the imperceptible sea and
 the piercing cries of
The lone white sea bird,

And sand, sand, sand: forever sand.
With wifts of water the tempest came
To fling its arms upon the land . . .
But yet left me only the sand

That covered the rocks
And tugged at the reeds
Singing with its slithering, slothful chant
The death of the beach;
But always it left me sand
And pools of sand flowing over and through
Sand that held pools of water,
Seeping back into the sand and the sea.
And out on the shimmering water,
A black back flashes . . . the ripples are broader.
But now they are gone.
And I with a shriek fall prone,
My head in the sea:
And there by the sea,
I see how, as with it, for me it is to be.


For life is swiftly slipping down,
Away down through the pools by the sea,
While the sea song plays on eternally
With its lullaby—ee, o, lullaby—ee—lee;
On and on. And I am not as I seem to be.

Forever still the song it chants to me:
Come home.
 I am; I am the beginning.
I herald the end.
Come back to me . . .
Come home to me.
Come back, come back . . . come home to the sea.

James W. Parker

Mickey Spillane: A Low-Brow Writer

by ANN GLOVER

 RANK MORRISON SPILLANE, known more widely as Mickey Spillane, has recently become the most famous writer of mystery stories.

His first book, *I, the Jury*, was published in 1947. Since that time he has written six others entitled: *The Long Wait*, *The Big Kill*, *My Gun is Quick*, *Vengeance is Mine*, *Kiss Me, Deadly*, and *One Lonely Night*.

Spillane's books, calculated to "please the most demanding and blood-thirsty fans," as one cover referred to a particularly repellent Spillane tale, have been bought in the amount of 125,000 copies in regular hard-cover editions, plus about 26,000,000 copies in paper-backed versions, in this country alone. They have been translated into French, Portuguese, Finnish, Danish, Swedish, and Dutch, and several have become movies. In 1953 Spillane's novels as a group were being printed more rapidly and sold in larger quantities than any other fiction series by a single author in the history of publishing.

Mr. Spillane explains their popularity by two ingredients found in all of his books: fast-action plots and a walloping surprise ending. Malcolm Cowley examines these two ingredients:

The fast-action plots consisted of a linked series of episodes conforming to the same double pattern. First Mike Hammer goes to see an incredibly beautiful woman; there are five or six of these in each novel. The woman makes a shameless attempt to seduce him, usually by exposing herself; sometimes she tears open her dress from throat to waist. Mike has a wriggly feeling up and down his spine; time and again he has that feeling, but he usually manages to resist temptation. "Some other night, baby," he says between clenched teeth; then he jumps into a high-powered car and speeds off to discharge the sexual tension by killing or maiming a hoodlum.

As for the second of the ingredients to which Mr. Spillane attributes the success of his novels, the surprise ending is

always walloping, but it may not be completely a surprise. The reader of one Mike Hammer story can guess the villain of the next. He can guess that the perpetrator of all cruel murders in the book—except those committed by Mike Hammer—will be one of the beautiful women who have tried to seduce the hero.

Sex plays an important role in the popularity of Spillane's books. Unlike most paperback mysteries, the covers of Spillane's novels give an accurate indication of what is inside. Spillane seems to take a great deal of pleasure in describing the seductiveness of all his female characters. This has a definite appeal to his readers who, apparently lacking in this field, gain some sort of stimulation from reading such intimate passages.

Besides these, there is the popularity of the Hero who mocks at and denies the efficacy of all law and decency, ethical and moral, delights in brutally executed assault and murder, and sets his personal judgment above that of all other men, especially those who are law enforcement officers. To Spillane the words "honorable" and "soft" are synonymous.

Since the third decade of the twentieth century the detective story has become increasingly corrupted. Every new author has exaggerated more on the works of his predecessor. Mickey Spillane is an exaggeration—even a caricature—of Raymond Chandler's Marlowe, just as Marlowe is an exaggeration of Sam Spade, and so on. But in certain respects Spillane's character is radically different from any previous creation.

Although he has been favorably accepted by the public, he is, nevertheless, considered a "low brow" writer. This is clearly evident to any intelligent reader by the author's technique, unorganized construction, lack of plot, and use of unrealistic characters. The construction and technique which Spillane employs is one which is easily recognized after reading only one of his novels. In most cases he uses a sort of "sandwich technique." First there is a killing, then a chapter in

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which Mike Hammer assaults someone, then a sex chapter, and so on for several cycles. There are always a dozen or so gruesome antisocial speeches which attack every phase of law and order. They also proclaim that it is good news when a self-appointed vigilante-like detective-hero kills a criminal rather than let him stand trial. Spillane always has the villain killed by Mike Hammer himself or through his vengeance. The culprit is never under any circumstances punished by due process of law.

Spillane's organization consists of a string of loosely connected incidents which are written primarily to stimulate the interest of the reader, not to solve a crime. There is really no climax in the stories. The cycle of incidents could go on forever, but Spillane chooses to end them in what he calls his "surprise ending." Most of these surprise endings are considered by critics to be ridiculous. They are usually the exact opposite of what the reader has been led to believe throughout the preceding chapters. Mike Hammer seems to do almost no detection whatever, and how he can solve the so-called mystery when none of the law enforcement officers can, is surprising to any alert reader.

Spillane's grammar is atrocious. He pays no attention whatever to rules of grammar, punctuation, and sentence structure. Besides this, when he needs a fact, he invents one. As one critic points out, "His failure to do even elementary research on the topics that compose his plots often leaves the intelligent reader in total disillusionment."

The brutality in Spillane's novels is very evident since each story is packed with Hammer's brutal killing and maiming. In all the books each beating and each killing is described in "lascivious" detail. Pain and suffering are glorified as "enjoyable instruments of revenge."

There are many instances of the extreme cruelty which Hammer employed in beating his victims. The following are quotations from several of the most gruesome scenes:

It caught him so far off base I had time to get halfway across to him before he dipped his hand in the drawer and I had his wrist before he could get the thing leveled. I let him keep the gun in his hand so I could bend it back and hear his fingers break and when he tried to yell

I bottled the sound up by smashing my elbow into his mouth. The shattered teeth tore my arm, and his mouth became a great hole welling blood. His fingers were broken stubs sticking back at odd angles. I shoved him away from me, slashed the butt end of the rod across the side of his head and watched him drop into his chair. . . .

They liked to play dirty, I was thinking. Let's make it real dirty. I thumbed the slugs out, laying them in a neat row, then took a penknife and clipped the ends off the noses. That was real dirty. They wouldn't make too much of a hole where they went in, but the hole on the other side would be a beaut. You could stick your head in and look around without getting blood on your ears. I put the gun together, shoved the slugs back in the clip and strapped on the sling. I was ready. (One Lonely Night)

Sex occupies a great deal of space in Spillane's novels. Mike Hammer's view of sex is quite unusual and extremely abnormal. Philip Wylie has this to say about it:

There is generally a note of sadism in Mike's courtship, for he hardly ever touches a girl without hurting, bruising, or mashing her, and his girls frequently bite and chew.

The sex in these books, in short, is not normal. Except for the insane and the emotionally ill, men and women do not derive pleasure from hurting or frustrating their partners. Women do not generally rip off their own clothing at the first sight of a man. Women are not attracted by cruelty; they are repelled. And very few rational women take drooling as a true compliment.

The women in the stories have two things in common: they are always gorgeous, and when they see Hammer they immediately throw themselves at him. This is very unrealistic, especially the latter, because Mike Hammer is far from being an attractive person. In fact, he is extremely ugly. Spillane places all the odds in Hammer's favor. In such unrealistic surroundings where he is hampered by no one, he cannot help but emerge the victor.

A character study of Mike Hammer will further prove the non-realism of Spillane's work. Mike, obviously, is the main character in all of the books—the detective, the hero, the conqueror.

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Mike weighs about 230 pounds and is extremely ugly. He is a self-appointed vigilante who takes as his personal duty the eliminating of all criminals and worthless bums. He wholeheartedly believes that he can do the work of the police force; do a better job, do it quicker, and do it singlehanded. He is vengeful and ruthless in his attempt to carry out his self-designated task. He lets nothing stop him in his merciless killing, often of innocent people. Several times he is brought to court and tried for his crimes, but he is never punished. This fact in itself is most perplexing to the alert reader, who can cite many instances throughout the books where Hammer has committed numerous crimes intentionally.

Much criticism has been written about Spillane and his work, all of which has been derogatory. Ben Redman has stated in "Decline and Fall of the Whodunit," certain rules which usually are and should be observed by a detective story .

1. Deeds of blood and acts of cruelty should not be exploited for their own sake.
2. In any story there should at least be as much detection as crime.
3. The detective should never blunder into his solutions.
4. Romantic involvement of the detective with any woman, or women, should be frowned upon; while sex should be forbidden to raise its fatal head on the detective's side of the fence.
5. The detective should do most of his work with his brains, rather than with muscles, fists, or firearms.

From the simple statement of these rules and a brief look at Spillane's work, any reader can easily see that Spillane does not begin to measure up to the standards set by mystery writers. In fact, he cannot even be classified in the same category with other writers in any field.

The astonishing fact about Mike Hammer's success is that nobody likes him but the public. No critic has ever given Hammer a favorable write-up, and yet books about him sell by the millions. Malcolm Cowley states in his criticism of Spillane:

Mike Hammer is a folk hero who is also a homicidal maniac with a passion for

ripping the clothes from women and shooting them in the abdomen. The other characters have no emotion; but lust, cupidity, or hatred, the writing is stereotyped, and the literary standing or recumbence, of the novels are several stages beneath the utterly worthless.

Mr. Cowley further describes Mike Hammer as being a dangerous paranoiac, a sadist, and a masochist. James Sandoe of the **New York Herald-Tribune** has described Spillane as an "inept vulgarian," and one indignant mystery writer as quoted in **Life** denies that Spillane writes mysteries at all: "He appeals to another audience—the **Forever Amber** audience."

Spillane has a ready contempt for anyone or anything that he can possibly qualify as "long hair." He especially loathes literary critics who degrade the vulgarity in his books while praising Faulkner, Hemingway, and Steinbeck for describing the "same things" more artistically.

To get his material, Spillane associates with cops and police-beat reporters, and roams Manhattan's Bowery, where, as **Time**, says, "he isn't above buying and splitting a bottle with grateful winos."

Spillane frankly likes his "chain-smoking, booze-fighting, lecherous hero," Mike Hammer, and the "ill-made, unimaginative" stories he writes about him. The reason for this is undoubtedly the fact that many of the things that infuriate Hammer in the novels also infuriate Spillane, especially the "slow-working" of the law and the whole idea of politics and politicians. Spillane's "wishful thinking" has come true in his fictitious character who is rough and tough just as Spillane would like to be.

Spillane is quite undisturbed by all the unfavorable criticism his work is receiving. He says:

If the people wanted to read Thomas Wolfe, I'd write like Thomas Wolfe. Hell, I'm not an author, I'm a writer. I've got to make a living, somehow. I'm not writing just for fun. I'm not trying to educate the people. I'm just trying to entertain. If they put their money in the hat, that's all I want.

Such is the "low-brow" writing of Mickey Spillane.

Our "Annual" Glance . . .



humor is lurking beneath the black leotard. These are the girls who greased the sides of the swimming pool an hour before the Green and White—Red and White competitive diving contest, and these are the girls who are responsible for the dead body hanging on the athletic field today—the body with the staring, glaring eyes and the URP tattoo on each shoulder pad—just to let you know that . . . “URP is observing you.”

This year, URP condones Motherhood.

Sippa Kagma

In September, we Sippa Kags were joyously reunited at our old L. C. Alma Mater, where we spent the first two weeks in the infirmary recuperating from our annual beach party. The party this year was at Sonova Beach. As the Fall Gush Season rolled around we were enthusiastically ambitious. Yes, we always look forward to the friendly spirited backbiting, and the sickening sentimentality which is so characteristic of our “Greek Hall.”

At Christmas we welcomed a visit from our beloved national potentate, Miss B. Onyer Gard, who spoke *throughout* a luncheon and a dinner in our College Tea Room. Miss Gard spoke on “Endurance.”

Our delightful Spring Teas were successful this year, and we owe our heartfelt thanks to our gracious alumnae who generously supplied our favors—the pledges couldn't have been happier with their mink-lined, diamond-studded sorority hats.

We were especially happy to see our seniors represent the Sippa Kags in such a favorable manner at our annual Matzoth Ball Festival. We are proud of our group President who was recently elected Miss Air Hammer of 1956. Also from our midst, four were chosen honorary members in “Who's Who in the Poison Ivy League.”

We are not the same girls who came in September—we have grown in Sippa Kagma. We bid farewell to our Seniors with a tear in our eyes and a phrase on our lips: “See ya at the beach, kid.”

URP

A cluster of girls in black attire, a symbolical bogey man on the steps of the Training School, or a midnight chorale in the laundry basement—all are indications of URP.

This ancient organization was founded long before Jarman Hall or Willie's or soup in the dining hall. Throughout the ages the URP members have kept the secret purpose of this secret organization a deep mysterious secret. Each year in a secret, ritualistic ceremony, the old secret URP members whisper to the new secret URP members the secret purpose of URP.

Throughout the life of the college, the spirit of URP prevails. These are the girls who let the air out of the tires on Dance weekends—just to prove that a sense of





"You drive a '56 What?"



"C'mon—let me tell you another joke"



"But, really, it's my first offense"



"Whadaya mean, hopeless degenerate?"



"S is for the ——"



"Night riding—who, me?"




"Cheers, George"



Those "compulsory" assemblies . . .

The Critics' Corner

 **DIDO and Aeneas**, a baroque opera in English with musical score by Henry Purcell and libretto by Nahum Tate, was performed by the Longwood College Choir May 9 and 10, under the direction of Dr. John W. Molnar. The success of the opera as a whole was brought about by the beauty and effectiveness of the first and last scenes. These scenes were staged with the unadorned simplicity of a Grecian frieze.

Belinda's opening song gave the opera a promising beginning. Carolyn Clark's performance as Belinda was consistently good. Not only was she in technical control of her part, but her rich voice quality conveyed the sympathetic warmth of the role. Purcell's blending of music and poetry were revealed in her varied dynamics, musical phrasing and clear diction. Not only was Miss Clark's performance musically satisfying, but her stage deportment reflected the classic dignity of a Greek statue.

Gay Allen as Dido sang with equal musical ability. Her performance gave the final scene vitality and conviction. The spirit of her refusal and the pathos of her final song revealed her dramatic ability. Her interpretation of Dido's death song, followed by the lovely strains of sorrow in the chorus, created a mood of quiet tragedy necessary for the success of the opera.

Thus, the strong beginning and end offset many weaknesses in the opera. Unfortunately, there were not enough experienced solo voices for all the parts, and many roles suffered from this lack of technical surety. The second scene was the weakest spot in the performance. The witches, a mass of heaving blackness, looked like something out of a bad dream. The appearance of the witches, however, was not so bad as the sound. In this scene the audience was deprived of some of the most subtle and interesting music of the opera. The musical line of the solo parts sufficiently reveals the witches' malice without deliberate distortion by the singers. The laughing choruses are little polyphonic masterpieces if they are sung as written.

The orchestra was painfully weak in spots, but was remarkably good when one considers the cir-


cumstances. In spite of the shortcomings of the orchestra the opera would not have been as effective without it. Whatever was done to the piano made it sound like an authentic harpsichord, the indispensable instrument in baroque music.

The sailors' scene presented an amusing anachronism when one thinks about it. In a seventeenth century opera about ancient Greece there appear a rowdy crew of nineteenth century sailors and — of all things — reefed bowsprit of a brig. However, the chorus conveyed the spirit of the rollicking chantey and overcame historical inaccuracy.

Regardless of obvious weaknesses, the total performance was a pleasure for the spectator. The department of music showed excellent judgment in their choice of an opera. In this short work, Purcell combined the best features of the opera of his time: the recitative that follows the natural accents of speech, the song that combines impeccable musical form with appropriate dramatic expression, and above all the choruses, so rhythmically vital, so typically English. **Dido and Aeneas** is a great achievement in the English musical tradition and certainly deserves more recognition as such.

Virginia Cowles

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 N Tuesday evening, April 24, in Jarman Auditorium, Dr. Roy Jesson and Dr. Walter Hartley presented a joint recital, marking the return of the former Longwood professor, Dr. Jesson, to our campus.

The first half of the program consisted of the **Concerto in F Major** by W. F. Bach and the **Sonata in D Major-K.448** by W. A. Mozart. Although the Bach work was very difficult from the standpoint of phrasing and expression, both men seemed to do very well with this music. The latter of the two works, the Mozart, is a charming piece of music. During the second movement a number of people were found keeping time with Messrs. Hartley and Jesson. In both numbers Dr. Hartley had some difficulty in toning down his touch and in refining his phrasing.

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After the intermission the two men played *Variations On a Theme of Haydn, Op. 56b*, by Johannes Brahms. The varied tempos of this piece made it quite interesting, and both Dr. Jesson and Dr. Hartley did some beautiful playing.

The concert was very pleasing to those present and showed the combination of two schools of musical presence. While Dr. Jesson remained perfectly still most of the evening, Dr. Hartley followed the trend of most Americans in swaying with the music. It is a matter of taste as to which one would prefer.

These two gentlemen are to be applauded for their efforts, as it is remarkable what they did with only two or three rehearsals together. Since both men were known on campus, it is disappointing that more of the student body was not present to hear the concert of two extremely talented pianists, Dr. Jesson and Dr. Hartley.

Joann L. Fivel

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 ON April 16, the Longwood Artist Series presented the final program of the 1955-56 season, *Two's a Company*, featuring Mr. Albert Dekker and Miss Edith Atwater. The versatile program of dramatic and humorous readings offered by the Dekker-Atwater combination was proof of the fact that the true magic of the theatre can be captured without the use of the elaborate production which seems so much a part of the modern theatre. Using only the simplest properties and costumes, these two professional performers held the entire audience enthralled for nearly two hours.

The first reading of the evening was a little-known work of Mark Twain, "The Diary of Adam and the Diary of Eve." Read by Mr. Dekker and Miss Atwater in the form of a dialogue, Twain's farcical satire of the relationship between the first man and the first woman immediately won the audience's approval of laughter and applause. Among the highlights of the evening were readings by Mr. Dekker of Poe's poem, "Annabel Lee" and his short story, "The Tell-Tale Heart." The latter, especially, displayed the full scope of Mr. Dekker's not inconsiderable dramatic talent, and was particularly well-suited to the richness and expression of his voice. Miss Atwater, though both her talent


and her voice fell slightly short of her partner's was impressively versatile in her readings of Robert Frost's "The Witch of Coos" and as the immortal female, "Sabina." Another audience favorite was Thornton Wilder's broadly humorous dialogue discussion of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" as it might have been done by a modern author of whodunits.

A major part of the appeal of *Two's a Company* was the skillful blending of comedy and drama and of selections by familiar and less well-known writers. There was a reading to appeal to every representative taste, every whim or every humor.

The triumph of the evening, however, was the sense of informal and direct communication established between the audience and the performers. Mr. Dekker has appeared in a number of motion pictures, his latest being the memorable "East of Eden." Miss Atwater played a major role in Louis Calhern's production of "King Lear." The two performers' varied theatrical experience is apparent in a poised, relaxed stage presence and a forceful projection of personality; it injected a special vitality into the performance which is so often lacking in inexperienced or non-professional entertainers.

Molly Workman

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 ONE night in May of 1956, the distinguished professional company of the Longwood Faculty appeared in Jarman Hall. The entertaining production, based on a radio broadcast, was opened by the well-known announcer, Dr. Lankford, who presented D. Wiley, the master of ceremonies, whose sophisticated wit and excellent stage presence held the performance together. Some of the outstanding members of the company were Dr. Moss, with his moistened missiles, Dr. Simkins with his aquatic revolver, and Dr. Simonini with "his magic piano." The two charming chorus lines and Miss Nichols danced their way into the hearts of everyone: Mr. Gresham in baby blue, as usual, proved himself the darling of the student body.

The "faculty follies," with all of its outstanding high spots, was dampened by an evident lack of audience response. This fact did not seem to hinder the good spirits of the performers, though, and all in all, the show was a big success.

Pat Walton

"In Silence and in Tears"

by NANCY LEE BRUBECK

 **ELECTIONS** From *Don Juan and Other Poems*: George Gordon, Lord Byron, was resting firmly in one hand, the other hand fingered a glass of orange-ade. Dark eyes lapped up words, and then the slim orangeade hand deftly turned the page. The hand automatically returned to its station by the glass while five supple fingers with well-kept nails encircled the glass and slowly lifted it into a position at one side of the book, so that the straw at an angle touched parted lips. Without a waver of an eye from the book the golden liquid was drawn up through the straw into an untasting mouth. Slowly the glass descended and settled noiselessly on the scarred table.

He had been in the same position for a long time. People had come and gone at the soda fountain; now, it was empty. A buxom girl, brown hair with a streak of blond, was burrowing elbow-deep in the soap suds, and occasionally she came up with a dish which she clanked into a drying rack. Her eyes were fixed on the unsociable customer, who, unheeding her deliberate noise, continued his meal. She shrugged her shoulders and turned back to her dishes, lifting the last one from the suds. She placed it in the drying rack, and dripping suds, she placed the entire rack under the faucet and turned on the water.

"Damn!" she snapped as she jerked her hands from the water, throwing suds over the counter. "Hot water," she mumbled apologetically, then saw that she had not been heard. She turned off the hot water, jerked a dish rag from the rack and wiped her arms and hands. Looking into the large mirror behind the counter she pushed a stray hair into the mass of brown ones. She coughed and straightened the back of her hair, the motion showing off her abundant figure; she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and saw that he was not watching. She squeezed her arms to her sides and turned back to the counter.

It was noiseless now. The traffic was hushed outside, for the city was asleep. The neon signs blinked endlessly and shadows danced in rhythm to them. The girl picked up a rag and walked to the doorway. Looking out she saw the deserted streets—peaceful, quiet. She turned, stood there, hands on hips.

"Life sure is dull. I wasn't meant to be washing dishes at three in the morning."

Her voice shattered the stillness like a rock through a plate glass window . . . only there wasn't the pleasant tinkling of falling glass. Yet, the man wasn't startled. He merely raised an eyebrow and a finger in a gesture of silence and answered, "Just a minute." And without a moment's hesitation he continued reading.

A smile played at the corners of his sensitive mouth and a chuckle issued from deep within as he came to the end of the page. Reluctantly he closed *Byron*. His slender fingers took off his glasses and placed them carefully in a case that he had taken from his breast pocket. Then for the first time he raised his head and looked directly at her. And for the first time she saw his piercing black eyes. He stared straight at her; then with a deep, mellow voice with a slight southern accent, he spoke.

"You were saying something?"

She stepped back, her aggressiveness gone, and lowered her eyes.

"I—I said it was dull tonight."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I've had a very enjoyable time," he said lightly. He sat back, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette inhaling deeply. The girl stared, her eyes fixed on him. She spoke after regaining her self assurance.

"I guess readin' a book half the night is fun," she said heartily. "Did you go to college? Are you a highbrow or something?"

He laughed, throwing back his head and then taking a long draw on the cigarette. His eyes were still on her.

"Half and half," he said. "I did go to college, but I'm not a highbrow."

"What you sittin' around readin' a book of poems for, then? Did you know you've been sittin' here five hours? And not once, not one time did you say a word to anyone, except 'orange-ade, please.'"

She exclaimed, rubbing her hands vigorously on her greasy apron.

"I enjoy reading that's all. Some people get drunk; some gamble; I read poetry. It just happened when I got off from work that I stopped by

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the library and got a book of Byron's poems. Then I stopped in here to buy an orange-ade and I was carried away."

"Carried away with a book of poems?" the girl quizzed.

"And what better literature is there?" he replied. "I could ask what books you read."

"Well, there is **True Romance**, lovebooks like that. They're real good," she answered.

"Sounds interesting, but a little elementary. You know, Byron was the greatest love story writer of all times. Did you ever read any of his stories?"

"I don't think so; they don't tell the names of the authors in those books," she said seriously.

"Really . . . well, here is one—want to read it?" He handed her the book. She looked at it, handed it back.

"You read it to me," she said settling herself opposite him in the straight backed chair. He started reading.

"When we two parted
In silence and in tears."

"Oh, that's one of those sad ones," she exclaimed. "They make me cry. What are their names—the two, I mean?"

"Well," he mused, "They could be anyone—your boy friend and you."

She grinned and tossed her head.

"We don't part in tears."

The man choked a laugh, but you could see it escaping from his sensitive mouth.

"Shall I continue?" he asked.

"Sure," she prompted.

He went on through the poem. Engrossed in the familiar poem as if he had never read it before, he read it with a passion of voice as only one who understands can. When he had finished he looked at the girl. She met his gaze, and two tears appeared at the corner of her eye and spread mascara down her cheeks.

"That was beautiful," she murmured, and brushed the tears away with chapped hands.

"I'm glad you liked it. It's my favorite."

There was a long silence while each thought over the poem. Outside it was still quiet except for distant noises. The lights blinked and shadows danced. It was early in the morning.

After a while the man rose, picked up his book and put it under his arm.

"Maybe I'll see you again some night," he offered.

The girl came back to reality and jumped up. "Please do—Hey, mister, what do you do? Do you teach or something like that?" she asked admiringly.

"No, I don't teach," he answered. Then he added, "I work in the factory on 12th street. I sort bolts. Good night."

He walked to the door, opened it and walked to the corner past the realm of light. He was gone.

"Lord, and I thought I had the wrong calling," she said as she turned from the window. She picked up the rag and the empty glass from the scarred table and walked over to the counter. She passed the long mirror without a glance. Stopping when she reached the door leading into the back room, she turned and looked at the street light outside.

"When we two parted
In silence and in tears,"

she said softly, and turning, she disappeared through the doorway.

NIGHT INTO MORNING

Continued from page 5

I had just finished the dishes. It was raining. I was sitting at the window just like this, waiting and waiting for Kirk to come upstairs. He had promised to take me somewhere, and I knew he was going to put it off. Then what did I do? I think I was knitting. Yes, it was unravelled, I got mixed up with it. Whatever happened to Kirk? Something terrible. I can't remember. I got so upset I couldn't stand it any longer. I went to the head of the stairs and called him and he answered me. "Up in a minute, honey," he said. I waited and waited and he still didn't come. Then what happened? Then what happened?

Nell is standing at the door gaping stupidly and saying, "Need any help?"

Say it. Say it. Say it. Say it. Say it.

III

Far away down the river in another city the traffic is groping through the rain. It darts this way and that and, as the lights blink off and on, it moves down bright boulevards and through dark and narrow alleys. Out of the maze of traffic the

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buses pull into the lanes and deposit their weary cargo into the chaos of the station.

The traveling salesman emerges from a bus, exhausted. Throngs of people are darting about in the rain; buses are parked everywhere. There is nothing but confusion. Somehow the salesman manages to see through the line of buses and get into the waiting room. As he finds himself in the strained, artificial light and the stale air of the room, suddenly the incredible weariness takes hold of him again. The strain of his heavy suitcases pulls at his shoulders, down his back, across his forehead. He finds a place to set them down. The salesman is used to traveling and crowds and waiting stations, but tonight is different. He hasn't slept in four nights. His blood cold, his body shivering uncontrollably with exhaustion, he waits around in a state of wide-awake stupor. Wild for sleep, he is so tense he couldn't sleep if he had a chance.

He makes his way to the ticket counter to find out when to catch his next bus. The ticket agents look strange, huffy and impatient. Finally he is the first in line, and the ticket agent is saying,

"Where?"

"Atlanta."

Not much more time. He sits down on a hard wooden bench, wearily. Throngs of people move in and out the doors, through the huge corridors, and past the sleepy displays of magazines and things to eat. More people are waiting in the endless rows of seats. Servicemen, mothers with children, negroes, businessmen, laborers, people resigned to waiting, people resigned to lies, people resigned to almost anything. Sometimes it appears that the worst hell is to sit with folded hands throughout eternity. The traveling salesman waits patiently and looks around. A very little girl is sitting on a suitcase, gently turning the pages of a picture book. Nobody will read to her. She doesn't ask. In a farther corner of the room a young man lies limp and haggard, his eyes closed in forsaken slumber, his cheeks sunken and his greasy clothes clinging to his limbs.

Now the loudspeaker is bawling out the cities, and the traveling salesman suddenly realizes that his bus has been called. He rises, takes his suitcases, and makes his way to the door. The suitcases strain the aching muscles of his shoulders. There are so many buses. Which one? His head reels; he can't concentrate, he cannot help himself

even enough to find the line he should stand in. He searches in vain. The people are thronging about everywhere. Finally he finds his lane, but as he reaches it, the bus pulls out with a long snort, leaving him standing there gazing after it.

The lights are going out in the windows of the city. The rain weeps on. Now and then a listless tear of rain trickles down the panes, and people watch the running droplets, alone. People with sacrificed and wasted lives, people with forsaken dreams, people who are unloved or think they are unloved or are never sure. Grocers in their upstairs apartments, laborers, intellectuals, tramps, people in large houses and people in the slums. And wounded G. I.'s in the hospitals. A hapless end, to be moved from one monotonous camp to another, to go through a few brief days of combat, and then to be shipped back to meet death in a narrow white bed. The rain weeps. The lights are going out. Down in front of the beer parlor the weeping prostitute is crying inwardly with vehemence:

"Go ahead, take me, grab me, hold me up to the light! Do you think I am pretty, sweet, innocent? No! I am rotten to the core!"

The lights are going out and the rain weeps on. With deep despair, the shuddering night sinks and cleaves to the ground.

IV

All through the hills the houses are sleeping in fog. As if they are standing on no substance, the houses seem to be lifted up into the whiteness where they have floated all night and where they are still floating on the edge of the morning. The whiteness floats in transparent currents over the river and lulls the hills, with cautious breath. Out of the rising whiteness the sweet mysterious song of the morning begins, even before the sun has risen, even before the birds have begun to sing. A single note, then two, the repeated phrase becomes all-pervading. The birds hear. They begin their loud and joyous chirping in the whiteness of the branches. The sleeping people hear it with their mind's ear. They awake with the sweet phrase ringing in their minds, and they keep singing it silently, elaborating the theme. Yellow lights stream out from the kitchen windows, and the sound of cooking begins.

Now the dew is dropping with cool freshness and

the air is clearing. People go by on their way to work, still with the song on their minds. They are full of love, filled with a desire to make amends. But then, with the splash of paint, the beating of hammers, and the rolling out of carts, they have almost forgotten their original intent as they set their minds on their work. Soon they will be closed up in the vise of inertia. Once set in motion, a thing does not stop of its own accord, says the law. The workers keep on; they drive, they hammer. Except in rare moments, all are selfish and most are blind to beauty. Blackbirds fly past across the sky, closed in their narrow way. Wide though their path may be, they cannot outfly the bounds of their limits. And yet there is love present. Telegraph wires span the planet sending messages of love.

During the night there was an automobile collision, but now all is cleared away and two children pass heedlessly by. A boy and a girl, ragged and happy, pass by hand in hand and sing.

"A clown is my love,

A calico clown is my dearest darling.

Dance with me, happy clown of my heart,

Now he has run far away."

Now they seem to be not children of the outward eye, but children of the whole world—Mexico, China, America. Children of the world, they arise out of the ashes of destruction, crossing silver bridges in the sunlight, crossing silver bridges over lakes of magic water. Though they are a million miles away at times, they still come back in glimpses of their laughter under the lamplight.

The breeze rises faster, and over the hills the wind sifts the hair of the trees, buoyantly. The trees drink the freshness of the air and through their roots they gurgle happy secrets to the understreams of the earth. Spread over the mountains in sunlit greenness, for a moment they seem to take up the song of the morning. Then, with the splashing of paint, the beating of hammers, and the rolling of derricks, the noon approaches with full oppression. With a sudden heave the world, like a giant grinding stone, turns and spins out into the cold monotony of the afternoon, two hundred thousand miles from the moon, forty million miles from the nearest star, and ninety-two million, nine hundred thousand miles from the sun.

The Fight

by MEADE MANN

THE sun was beating hot on Buck's body as he sat on his bright red beach towel. He was propped up on his elbow, one hand shading his handsome, arrogant face, watching a ship moving slowly on the horizon of the ocean. He moved to stand up and get under the shade of an umbrella nearby, and the muscles rippled under the bronzed tan of his wide shoulders and back. He moved down the beach with a determined air. When he arrived at the umbrella, it was occupied by a couple who were quite obviously in love.

"Mind if I sit here a second?" asked Buck. "This sun really gets a fellow down."

"Well, since you had to pick this umbrella, you might as well sit down," said the boy shortly.

Buck's blond crew-cut bristled at the sarcastic reply, but he only nodded in thanks and flopped down in the refreshing shade.

After a moment or two of strained silence, Buck said, "Hope I'm not intruding."

"What in the heck do you think!"

Buck's blue eyes blazed and his muscles jerked abruptly. "Now look—"

He got no further, for the other boy was on his feet, glaring at him. "You look, buddy," he said. "Didn't your mamma ever teach you that three's a crowd?"

By this time Buck was on his feet also. He was a good six feet tall and over and he towered above the other boy. The boy sneered and opened his mouth to make another remark when a brown fist caught him squarely in the face. He fell to the sand and lay there, motionless.

"You've killed him!" screamed the girl.

By this time a crowd had gathered, having heard the loud, harsh voices. Buck looked at all of them defiantly and, pointing to the boy's form, questioned with a laugh, "Anyone wish to claim the body?"

Still laughing to himself, he elbowed his way through the crowd, none of whom made a move to stop his monstrous form, and stalked off down the beach.

"Sure hate to spend fifty cents for an umbrella," he muttered.

A Parable

ONCE upon a time, during the season when the earth was sweet and green, a man and a sparrow walked about and talked of the mysteries in life that they did not understand. Suddenly the sparrow stopped him, "Have care!" he cried. "You have stepped upon a beautiful flower and crushed it!" The man looked down to his feet, and as the bird had said, a flower lay crushed and broken beneath them. "Ah! What matter is that!" he cried. "It is merely another flower. I am man, the supreme creature of the earth. What reason have I to bother about the death of useless flowers or to heed the words of a stupid bird? It is I myself for whom I must worry, for my own death is that which I fear most." Then the two sat and mused awhile on the fearful marvel of death.

Suddenly the man glanced toward the sky. "Look!" he cried; and as the bird's eyes followed the pointing finger, he saw outstretched in the sky a huge hand, and in the palm of the hand there rested a magnificent sphere. "Give me your wings!" the man cried. "Give me your wings that I may fly upward and conquer another world." "I will not," the sparrow answered, "for I am afraid for you." At these words the man picked up a large stone. "How dare you disobey my word!" he shouted, and he smashed the bird with one blow of the stone. Valiantly did the little bird struggle to escape, but he was hurt too badly to fly. The man took his wings, and placing them upon his own back he flew into the heavens toward the great sphere.

The wounded sparrow watched from the earth, and as the man at last touched the sphere, a crystal tear fell down from the heavens above and

landed in a pool before his feet. Heedlessly the man stepped around it and began to walk about on the great new world. And as he walked, the ground beneath his feet grew very hot. He spread the wings to fly upward, but they fell from his body and floated away in the breeze.

As his eyes grew dim with pain, the little sparrow on the earth far below saw the mighty sphere above him burst into flames. The fire consumed with fury until naught was left but the crystal pool resting in the cupped palm of the mighty hand. As he drew a last painful breath, the sparrow felt his body being lifted through space until he rested in the palm of the giant hand. He bent his head to the pool before him, and as he drank of the beautiful waters he felt his body once more grow strong and whole within him. He stretched his wings with a joyous happiness, and he saw that his feathers had become as snowy white as the clouds about him. As the gentle wind lifted him in restful flight, he heard it murmur to him, "You have tasted the waters of truth, and you shall live in peace forevermore."

—Carolyn Waugaman

Why Johnny Can't Teach

To know or not to know: that is the problem. Whether 'tis a better quality of experience To classify sensations by the mind, Or to idealize an antithesis, And by a synthesis, conclude them? Idealism, Rationalism, no more. And by Rationalism to say

We end the principles original with the world that Reason was primary; 'tis a consummation Pragmatically to be wished.

Vivian Willett

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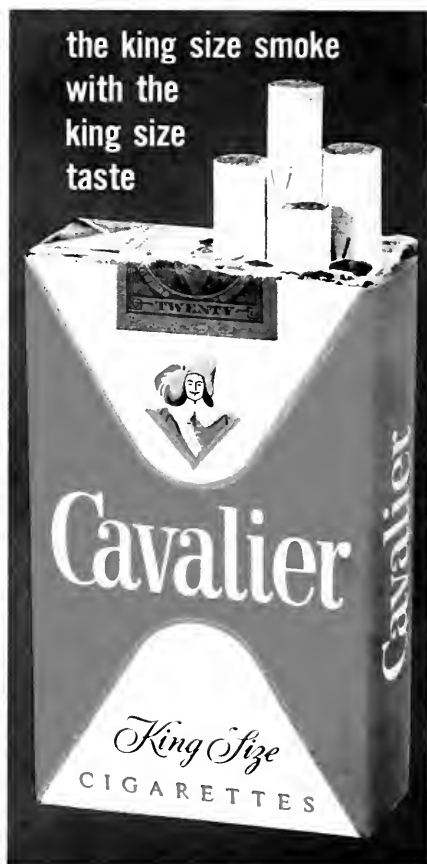
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